DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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JUST FOR ONCE.

The boys were very thirsty, hot and tired, and there was no cottage or farm-house near, where they could ask for a glass of water or milk, and to be allowed to rest and shelter for a little while from the heat of a mid-day sun. To be sure, they were out for a day's pleasure, and should have counted the cost, or else have provided themselves before starting with refreshments. But drinkables weigh heavy, and so their mutton-pies and hunches of bread and cheese had been thrust into their pockets, with the thought, "Surely we can get a draught of water anywhere." The anywhere, however, was an empty dream just when most wanted, or only represented by a small wayside inn, which, accordingly, offered seductions such as had never been felt before by either of our two friends—Joe Morris and Robert Slater. They were steady, well brought-up lads, and had never entered a public house in their lives. Their parents had been cautious to keep them out of the way of temptation, and had never sent them for beer or spirits, in the thoughtless fashion that so many fathers and mothers send their children, scarcely thinking of the harm it may lead to. So the boys stood in doubt before the swinging sign of the Red Lion.

"A glass of ale could do one no harm just for once," said Joe. "String us up for the rest of the walk—we've a long pull before us yet."

"Well, no," hesitated Robert, "may be not; only I'd a deal rather have a good drink of water; but I suppose we could hardly ask for that here—eh?"

"Of course not; and that's what makes me think of the beer. I say, shall we try?"

"Well, I'm that parched, I could drink poison almost. Only they do say as it makes you awful dizzy when you're not used to it. Shall we see if they haven't got ginger-beer?"

'Aye, to be sure, that's a good thought now," agreed Joe, who by no means desired the ale more than any other cool drink "Ginger-beer's prime. Only suppose as they have none."

The supposition was unfortunate y true and the landlord pressed his ale as of first-rate quality and worth all the sweet trash in the world. Fine young fellows like his two would-be customers ought to be long past such child's stuff as ginger-beer. There seemed no retreat. It was not alone the temptation of something—let it be what it might—to drink, but the host's words and manner that decided the matter, and two glasses of beer were ordered. Joe drank off his "like a man," to quote the landlord's expression; but Robert sipped and sipped in uncertainty. What if the strong beverage should get into his head and make him stupid and silly. Should he ever recover his self-respect, or be able to face his mother, after such a result; let alone the thought of how he could kneel down at night to say his prayers, with the new stain upon his conscience? Better a score of times be thirsty and uncomfortable for an hour or so, and even face the ridicule of his host, than permit the possibility of such folly. It cost him an effort to carry out his resolution; but what

act of self-denial was ever yet accomplished without an effort?

"I'll leave the rest; I don't want any more," he said, flushing up under the landlord's derisive laugh. "Come along, Joe; it's time we were off."

But Joe, whose thirst was not yet satisfied, and on whom the one glass had already exercised its too frequent effect—a desire for more, was in no hurry to be gone. Besides he was flattered by being thought manly; and so it was not without an eye to his host's opinion that he said waggishly:—

"Oh, there's no call to fluster one's self so. And I think I may as well finish your leavings for you;"—stretching out his hand toward the half-filled goblet.

"That you sha'n't," said Robert, gaining in determination at the sight of his friend's danger; and he caught up the glass, and, running to the door, emptied the contents on to the road. "Come, there's a good fellow, we've paid, so there's no call to linger."

Joe, taken by surprise, and fully sensible, too, of the other's wisdom, yielded at once, and with only a hasty, shame-faced "Good-day, sir," to his tempter, who, strangely enough, did not repeat his laugh. Was it that he was touched by a sense of right, and secretly admired Robert's bravery? Who may say? Oftener than we dream, perhaps, a right action wins approval from the most perverted. Joe affected a little anger at Robert's proceeding when the two were once more on their way.

"I'm not going to let you serve me in this fashion, I can tell you," he began. "You are not going to make a fool of me before folks just when you choose."

"You'd 'a been making a fool of yourself fast enough, if I'd let you," was the prompt reply. "I say, Joe, lad, you and I aren't going to quarrel over a matter like this. You know I'm right; I can see that plain enough. Why, isn't it reason that there's harm in it when one can't stop one's self easy like, but has to let another snatch the temptation from one? If you'd finished my glass, next you'd have been wanting another, and what 'ud have been the end of it? Who knows but you might 'a finished off by turning a reg'lar drunkard, like old Simons? Why, I couldn't stand by and let you risk that, could I?"

The reasoning seemed unanswerable to the candid mind of Joe Morris, and he clapped his friend on the shoulder with a hearty:—

"You're right, old chap, and I owe you no grudge. You've more pluck than me; that's about it. That fellow goaded me on; that, and being so dry. But I won't be so easy got over again, I promise you. And look you"—with a laugh—"when we get the chance of a drink of good water, it's you as shall have the first pull."

The chance came presently, and was eagerly caught at by both lads.

"No need to say just for once now," sagely remarked Joe, as he took breath after the first long, refreshing draught; "eh, old fellow?"

"No," was the cordial response. "We won't put our necks in a noose, will we, any more?"

"Me partic'lar," said Joe, humbly; "I've not your pluck to draw back and stand a laugh. As our teacher would say,—'No good to pray, Lead us not into temptation, and then run straight into it with one's eyes wide open.'"—*The Adviser.*

THE "GRIMSBY NEWS" SAYS:—"It will be interesting to many to know that General Roberts, who has been doing such great things in Afghanistan, is a staunch teetotaler. It is a good omen for the future of the army when generals so popular and so able as Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Frederick Roberts are so strong with their advocacy and their practice of temperance. The moral influence of such men must be very great in the army and in the country."

Temperance Department.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

CHAPTER IV.—THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

There was no miraculous blessing on Kate Barber's little store of meal; Saturday evening had come, and that little store was gone.

There must be another trip to town. Something else must be sacrificed, that was plain. The shawl had been lost in the fright and darkness, but Kate had hardly given it a thought in her joy at her husband's escape and its deep, purifying effect upon his mind. She took out her few trinkets; they had better go than clothing that was really needed.

"You will have to go to town, Kate," said Harry humbly. "I dare not trust myself in temptation; you will have a heavy load to bring back—but maybe not so very heavy after all; you may not get an honest bargain."

Joe followed his mother into the inner room; "I'll go with you and help you bring home the things," said the boy, as if his weak little arms had the strength of a man.

Kate did not like to say to her child that he must stay and watch his father, but she gave him a significant look which he well understood, as she answered, "No, Joe, you must look out for things at home, and then you can come down to the road and help me when I come back."

"Yes, yes!" said the little boy soberly. As his mother walked down the half-overgrown path, he called after her: "Never fear, mother, you'll find it all right when you come home."

Kate had not been gone long, when Harry, having put aside the few tools that had been used during the day, began to be restless—a restlessness that Joe well knew betokened no good. "Father," he said cheerfully, "I am going into business; I don't know exactly what kind of business yet; you can't guess who is to be my partner."

Harry made a feint of guessing all the street-boys of the town-neighborhood where they had lived, and finally blurted out hastily: "Don't be foolish, Joe! I don't feel like nonsense to-night."

"I don't either, father," said Joe, nothing daunted; "I'm for work. I wish you'd show me about these sums mother set me last night; I have added them up, but I don't know how to prove them."

Joe had great faith in Ben White's promise, though two days had passed, and nothing had been seen of the fisherman. Joe felt he was on the eve of going into partnership with a very charming young gentleman, and fancied that somehow his improvement in arithmetic would help to make their business profitable; now, he had an added motive for his eagerness to make sure that his much-labored-over "sums" were right.

A pleased look stole over the little fellow's face, as he saw his father running up column after column with the greatest rapidity, and really interested in what he was about. "How fast you can add, father," he said; "you must be a jolly book-keeper; I don't wonder Mr. Brown wanted you; I should think anybody would like such a hand at figures; maybe we'll be keeping our own shop some day, won't we, father, eh? We won't sell any liquor, no, not a drop! If a man comes in and wants anything to drink, we'll just say, 'We don't keep any such thing!' won't we?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mollie, who was sitting on the floor, just where she liked best to be, nestled close to "Brother Joe."

Joe laughed.

"We sha'n't let girls sell in our shop; no, indeed. You'll be sitting in the back room, with your sewing machine going like mad, making the most beautiful things for ladies, just such as we used to see in the window at the big shop where the wax little girl turns round and round and never gets her hair out of order. She isn't a bit like you—eh, Mollie?"

Here Joe put his hand into Mollie's little mop of brown curls, which, to say the truth, did not look at all like the smooth locks of the figure which had long been the children's special admiration.

While they were talking on so merrily, Harry got up again and began to move about with an uneasy, anxious expression that sobered Joe in a moment.

"Father," said the boy taking his hand persuasively, "Father, there are some awful long words in my Sunday-school lesson for to-morrow—won't you read it over with me? I sha'n't have a moment to look at it in the morning. It is a good bit of a walk from here to the church even for me, father."

Harry could not help smiling at the boy's manner—half-playful, half-consequential.

"Joe took courage at this hopeful sign and went on. He had his Testament in his hand in a moment, and drawing his father to the door-step, he said:

"Come, we can sit here. And you, Mollie, you be quiet, and make believe you think father is the minister."

"A poor minister I should be," thought Harry Barber, but he took the book in silence.

"It's the fifth chapter of St. Mark," said Joe. "I've got to read it all through, right out in the class. It's my turn to-morrow, and my teacher said she expected me to go right through it like a man. I've one verse to say out of the book—only one. When you come to it, I'll stand up and say it. You see if I haven't got it perfectly."

Harry Barber had been proud of his reading as a young man, and now he felt a little pleasure in showing his child that here, at least, his poor father could give him help.

Harry began in a loud voice, and a conscious, pompous manner with pronouncing the word 'Gadarenes' without stumbling, and as if he was very familiar with the region referred to.

In fact, Harry had very little idea where the occurrences related in the Bible took place. Indeed, he almost fancied it was in some other world than our own, and by no means in places to which men could now travel and even stand on the very spots our Saviour once visited in the flesh.

As Harry read the description of the man with the unclean spirit, his manner changed into one of deep, unconscious interest. In the poor victim tormented by the unclean spirit he seemed to see a picture of himself. His resolutions and his reformations had hitherto been as the fetters and chains the demon had broken at will, and truly it could have been said of him, "Neither could any man tame him." Yet Jesus had power to cast out that unclean spirit, and those who had known the poor man, an outcast roaming among the tombs, cutting himself with stones, saw him "sitting clothed and in his right mind." Would he not have compassion on poor Harry Barber too?

"If I only could believe He would help me," thought Harry, and absorbed in his own thoughts, he read on, not thinking of what he was doing.

Suddenly little Joe called out, "Stop, father! here comes my verse; it's the next, I know."

Joe sprang to his feet and slowly and reverently recited: "As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, 'Be not afraid; only believe.'"

Joe's little, earnest, solemn tones were to his father as a voice from heaven.

"Be not afraid; only believe." That was the message for him, and in his heart he treasured it up as his watchword.

"Thank you, Joe," said his father very gently, so gently that the boy looked full into his face in surprise.

"Didn't I say it right?" he questioned, with a puzzled look.

"Thank you; yes, child," said the father again, as he resumed his reading, and then quietly went through the chapter.

Harry closed the book reverently, and put it himself in the place carefully, as if it were the casket that contained some precious thing.

Precious indeed to him that night had been the words of Holy Writ. The unclean spirit that threatened again to triumph within him had been driven out. It might find a home with other poor lost men, but Harry Barber that night was not to be as the brutes who rushed down the steep place and were choked in the sea.

Kate Barber had but poor success in the sale of her paltry trinkets. The wretch who bought such things not asking whether they were stolen, or sold in the extremity of want, saw that she was in bitter need, and would give her but a trifle for what he called "such trash."

So it happened that the wife had but a light load comparatively to bring home. She cheered herself, however, with the thought: "It is but 'daily bread' that God promises us, and He can help us when this little supply is gone."

Her step was weary as she trudged along the turnpike and her heart full of anxiety. Had all gone on well during her absence? Would her husband be at home to meet her?

Coming rapidly toward her in the twilight, while yet a mile from home, she saw Harry stepping firmly along, Joe's hand fast in his, and Mollie skipping at their side as fresh and gay as if it were morning.

"Now we'll pretend we are robbers, eh, father?" said Joe, "and we'll take everything away from that woman walking alone on the road. You, Mollie, too; you must be a robber. You take the kettle, and don't let her have it again if she cries like a baby. Now, I'm the captain: come on, my boys," said Joe with awful fierceness. "Here's luck for us. Woman, we let no people loaded this way pass us on the road. Somebody take the sack. That's right. Now, Mollie. Here give me the basket. Don't be frightened, woman, we won't hurt you. We are good robbers, aint we, Mollie? We never kill anybody!"

Tired as she was, Kate could not help laughing at the merry party, and Harry with the sack on his back, and the old worn look gone out of his face, looked almost as fresh as his children, as his eyes sparkled to see his Kate smiling—smiling as she used to long ago. He was beginning to love her again, as he did in the first days of their marriage.

(*To be Continued.*)

OUR OLD DOCTOR.

BY JOY ALLISON.

There wasn't a better doctor, nor a kinder man in a circuit of thirty miles, than Dr. Gunnison. He was sent for from far and near, and in serious danger all the younger physicians looked to him for counsel.

The temperance movement had just begun at the time of which I speak, and its advocates would have rejoiced to have Dr. Gunnison on their side. But he held himself aloof. He "didn't believe in temperance pledges. A man ought to be able to keep himself within bounds if he was a man. If not, he might as well go to the dogs."

They were not religious people—the doctor and his lovely wife—and if they had any creed it was made up chiefly of "don't believes." They had no children, and were all in all to each other.

As time passed on, people began to think and say that it would be as well for the doctor if he did believe in the temperance pledge. Now and then they saw him go by, swaying from side to side on his faithful old horse—as kind and intelligent a beast as ever man rode—or with head bowed low in a half-drunken stupor. They watched him anxiously as he crossed the ford, which was somewhat difficult and dangerous in some places. But the horse knew what he was about if his master did not, and he really seemed to accommodate his gait to the swaying figure on his back, as he stepped carefully along.

One evening we saw him approaching, just as we sat down to supper. It was early in April, and the river was higher than usual, and we saw with alarm that the doctor was less fit to cross than we had ever seen him.

Father sprang for his hat, and ran out and hailed him. The horse stopped—of his own accord, I think—and then father went to the doctor and urged him to come in and stay till morning at our house. He urged the unusual danger in crossing, and even made so bold as to say, "You know you're not fit to cross there to-night, doctor!"

He urged in vain, it appeared, for the doctor spurred his horse, and pushed on to the very edge of the stream. There he paused, and at length turned about and rode back to where father stood watching.

"I'll go back and stay with you, if you've got a temperance pledge in the house, and will give it to me," he said.

Father could hardly believe his ears, but he answered quite coolly,—

"I have one, and I'll give it to you with pleasure."

He led him in and seated him at a table in the sitting-room, while he came into the kitchen where the supper table was spread, to speak to mother to make ready a plate for him. When he returned to the doctor he was leaning forward on the table in a heavy sleep. It was vain to try to waken him, so he was left there till all the family were in bed. Then father made an effort to get him to go to bed, and he awoke. He was more himself now.

"Where's that pledge you promised to give me?" said he.

Wondering much whether he was conscious what he did, father brought the pledge, and pen and ink, and watched the trembling hand sign it.

"I can write steadier after I've kept it awhile," said the doctor, with a laugh.

"And you mean to keep it?" said father.

"So help me God!" said the doctor, and went to bed leaving the document in father's hands.

That pledge he kept faithfully for two years. And the doctor and his wife both seemed to grow younger and handsomer every day of those years. Again and again that wife wrung my father's hand and poured out her thanks, for his interposition to save her husband.

"Thank God, madam, not me! And beg of Him daily to uphold and guard him," said my father always. She smiled confidently. They were not praying people. If they had been, my true story might have had a happier ending. But there were those banded together for evil, who had pledged themselves to win the doctor back to their "good fellowship" by inducing him to break his pledge.

In an evil hour they succeeded. Once more he rode down to the ford in a partially intoxicated condition. He fell from his horse and was drowned. God alone knew whether it was accident or suicide. Many believed the latter. The wife went about woe-stricken, pallid, hollow-eyed, a little while, and then was seen no more.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink: that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also."—*Watchman.*

A PAINTER WHO ESCAPED THE COLIC.

Perhaps no artisan does more to put a good face on things than the house-painter. In thus administering to the pleasure and comfort of the people, it is much to be regretted that, as a rule, most painters pay a terrible penalty from their constant contact with lead in the paint. The painters' colic has laid many a strong man low. In some parts of the country it is the common belief that every painter must submit to this painful disease.

A very pleasing exception to the general rule came under our notice some time ago in Lombard Street. Very extensive alterations were going on in one of the large banking-houses. Whilst waiting for one of the partners, we stood near to a painter. He was a fine, healthy-looking man, and on entering into conversation with him, we found him to be as intelligent as he was good-looking.

"You have, I presume, my friend, had the colic—the painters' trouble?"

"No, sir, I have not; I have altogether escaped it."

"Then how long have you been a painter?"

"Twenty-one years, sir."

"How have you managed to keep clear of that trouble? I never met with a twenty-one year painter who had been free from the colic."

"Well, sir, I think that painters often have themselves very much to blame for it. Many of them go from work direct to their meals, and so are sure to taint the food they handle. Now, sir, I'm very particular in washing my hands and cleaning well under my nails before I go to my meals. When I go to work at some gentleman's mansion, m wife is sure to put a piece of soap and some soda into my bag. I can generally get hot water, and I dissolve the soda in it, and have a thorough wash, so as to completely cleanse my hands from the paint, and I then enjoy my meal. There's another thing that has had to do, sir, with my good health—both myself and wife are teetotalers. We never touch drink."

"But are you able to stand your hard work, exposed to all weathers, without beer?"

"Yes, sir, I can do my work better without beer than I did with it. It is eleven years since I touched a drop, and I am better not only in my health, but in my pocket also."—*British Workman.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

It is very important not to allow your punishment to be cumulative—that is, not to heap one thing on top of another. Because a child has done wrong and been punished, to refuse him his good-night kiss, or something like that, is to a sensitive nature sometimes sheer cruelty. Remember that the child has not forfeited your love; you are not angry with him, but with his offence, and may combine the strongest indignation against that, with the most loving tenderness and yearning over him. The punishment over, and the child repentant, consider the matter settled, and never allow any one to taunt him with it afterward.

Another important thing is to give the child time enough to understand what you do want, and to see the reasonableness of your commands. Don't spring at him in a highwayman, your-money-or-your-life fashion; "Mind me instantly, or I'll thrash you." Many a child has been fairly startled into disobedience, by the suddenness of his parent's commands, which aroused his natural resistance before he fairly comprehended what was wanted. Of course a parent must sometimes require instant and unhesitating obedience; but when children are accustomed to see that you have good reasons for your commands generally, they will obey without reasons when it is necessary they should. On this account punishments which give them time to think over matters are better than those which simply inflict pain. For instance, if a child meddles mischievously, and you wish to teach him to let things alone,—tie up the offending hands, and make him sit still half an hour. You don't hurt him physically at all, as a "smart whipping" would; but the restraint teaches him the lesson without pain. If he runs away—tie up his feet.

Perhaps I can explain myself more clearly by telling you a little incident which happened in my own family only a few days ago. You know what a quick-tempered, impetuous little whirlwind Mary was. She has wonderfully improved in self-control, and we haven't had any "tantrums," as she calls them, for some time. Just before dinner is always a bad time for discipline, for the best-tempered child is apt to be cross when hungry; therefore avoid the occasion as carefully as you would a conflict with your servant girl on Monday. It was at that unlucky hour that I, unawares, and in the most innocent manner raised the demon of temper. Mary passed in front of me as I sat sewing. It is a bad habit of hers, and I pleasantly told her to go back and go behind my chair. To my amazement she flew into a passion, and though she threw herself angrily back into her place by the window, she absolutely refused to pass out behind my chair as I wished. What should I do? Here was direct disobedience. She must obey me for her own good; but how should I make her do it? Punish her till she did? or appeal to her sense of right in the matter? In the calmest voice I could command in my surprise, I said to her: "Mary, you know that it is perfectly right for mamma to ask you to do this. If you do it pleasantly it won't take you a minute; but if you are cross and ugly about it, you will grow crosser and uglier every minute, until by and by mamma will have to punish you severely in some way." Reaching over and kissing her forehead, I added, "Mamma doesn't want to punish you, but you must do as I say; now how much better to do it of your own accord." But there was no response to this: nothing but angry defiance in look and tone. I spoke more sternly this time—"Now, Mary, you must do as mamma asks you to, because it is right you should. Neither mamma nor you can go down to dinner till you come out behind the chair properly; you are making us both very unhappy because you are determined not to do right." Still there was no relenting. I arose and made preparations for dinner, showing that I expected she would do what was right—a great help in itself sometimes—then quietly seated myself again and waited. She was still angrily twisting herself about, and thumping on the window-sill. "Mary," said I very sadly, "are you going to oblige me to make you mind me, by punishing you? Can't you obey me because you love me and know what is right? There is a very naughty spirit in your little heart now. That same naughty spirit makes grown-up people do very, very wicked things; are you going to let it have its own way now? If you do, by and by it will be a great deal stronger than you are."

"Why don't you make me mind you?" she said sullenly.

"Because you know yourself just what you ought to do, and I want to give you a little chance to do right yourself. But I can't wait a very great while. If you don't do it of yourself, I shall have to make you do it, because, my dear child, God has given you to me that I may teach you how to grow up to be a good woman, and if I don't make you obey me, I shan't be obeying Him."

I waited a few minutes in silence. Suddenly she flounced out and rushed across the room, passing behind the chair. "There, I did it," she said angrily, "but not because you wanted me to."

"Well then," said I, "you ought to go back and do it because I wanted you to." Somewhat to my surprise, she walked back and stood sullenly there.

"Now," said I very pleasantly, "will you not come out as you ought to?"

I had arisen from my chair, in response to some call from one of the younger children, and reached my hand toward her. She came directly forward, took my hand and burst into tears, completely subdued. I took her in my lap a few minutes, bathed her hot face and eyes, and said a few soothing words to her. The dinner bell rang, and we went down to dinner. I said nothing more about the matter then, diverting her mind by some pleasant stories and cheerful conversation, and giving time for her nervous agitation to subside. After dinner, when I saw that she was quite calm, I took her to my own room, and taking her on my lap, had a long talk, telling her why it was we must obey—everybody had to obey something; she would have obeyed the naughty spirit if she hadn't obeyed me. Ever since she has been old enough to understand it, we have always, after any naughtiness of hers, had a quiet talk about it, followed by kneeling down together and asking help from God to keep her from doing wrong again; so I was not surprised when she whispered in my ear, "Mamma, hadn't we better tell Jesus about it?" And when I heard her penitent voice broken by sobs, saying, "Dear Jesus, I am sorry I didn't want to mind mamma; please forgive me and make me always mind her and you too," I felt she had learned a lesson in true obedience which she would never forget.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Some years ago a famous professor came to a town where I was then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate case, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid ten guineas, and soon called at my office, talking as straight as a railway track.

I was greatly astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases, ladies, and calling upon them, reported what had come to pass. They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly elated, raised twenty guineas, went the next day, paid the cash and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without a single jerk.

"I was soon made acquainted with several other cures, quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on my sharpest wits, and wait upon the magician myself. He seemed an honest, earnest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay a large fee, and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I would. Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased.

And now I propose to give the readers of my journal a simple art which has enabled me to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated the cure has been complete. The secret is simply this. The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper beating each syllable. Soon you need only beat on every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger, or moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two every day, with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation.—*Lewis' Gymnastics.*

PROFIT FROM HENS.

There are some farmers who say that it is a losing business to keep hens; but they produce no statistics to prove their assertion. From a somewhat extended experience I can produce facts to prove that there is profit in keeping them.

In the year of 1845 I kept twenty-five hens, and the profit from their eggs was seventy-five cents each. At that time corn was worth seventy-five cents per bushel, and the average price of eggs for the year was fifteen cents per dozen. Last year I kept ten hens, and the profit from them, in eggs, was ten dollars. The average price of eggs that year was twenty cents per dozen, while the price of corn was the same as in 1845. In this estimate no account was made of rent for the hen-house or for work in taking care of them, or for the guano-like fertilizer, made from their droppings, which is said to be worth fifty cents a year for each hen.

I now have nine hens, and during the months of March and April they produced 403 eggs.

In regard to hen-house and food, I will simply say that hens take delight in a dry, warm and cleanly apartment. They may be kept free from lice by a plentiful use of wood ashes, as I know from a long experience. I feed hens with meal of a mixture of oats and corn, boiled potatoes or turnips, in small quantities, green cabbage or early cut hay; in winter, corn, wheat, &c., and a little meat, and oyster shells, when they do not have the privilege of roaming in the fields.

From long experience and from a strict account of the value of the product of eggs, and the expense of food for hens, I know that there is a profit, and to myself a pleasure in keeping them.—*P. L. Buell, in Phren. Journal.*

Breast of Mutton Boiled.—Choose a lean breast of mutton, wipe it with a damp cloth, cut out all the bones from the under side, lay the meat, skin down, on a board, and spread over it a forcemeat made as follows. Do not let the forcemeat reach within an inch of the edges of the meat, and do not spread it more than a quarter of an inch thick; after it is placed on the meat roll it up tightly, beginning at the end, and tie it around with several pieces of tape or string. Put it into boiling water and boil it gently for two hours. Then remove the strings, lay it on a hot dish, pour over it a little caper sauce or some of the gravy in which the turnips were stewed, and serve it with the turnips.

Teach The Boys to be Helpful.—You make a mistake, mother, when you teach Jennie always to put her things in their right place, but permit Joseph to leave his lying anywhere. Do not wait so much on the boys. There should be one rule in the household, so far as order is concerned, for sons and daughters, not, as so often there are two very dissimilar rules. Let the boys learn to make beds, and set the table, to help about the house. It will make them not less manly, but more gentlemanly.

Forcemeat.—Mix together one cupful of bread crumbs, one level tablespoonful of powdered sweet herbs of any kind preferred, one saltspoonful of salt, quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper and one egg.—*Miss Carson in Christian Union.*

To Take Out Tar.—Something useful to know. How to take tar and shoemaker's wax out of clothing: Break an egg and take the yolk alone and rub the soiled parts in it until it softens and comes out, then wash in water.

To Clean Waste Pipes.—Dissolve four or five pounds of washing soda in boiling water, and throw down the kitchen sink. It will prevent the pipes stopping up with grease. Do this every few weeks.

PUZZLES.

WORD DWINDLE.

Find a word describing the first picture; remove a letter and transpose the remainder for the name of the second; curtail and transpose to form the name of the third, and so on until the last, which is one letter only.

EASY HIDDEN FURNITURE.

1. May got a tablet for her Christmas present 2. My father walks so fast! 3. Such air as we breathe in our school-room is hurtful. 4. My brother's tools are always out of place. 5. What! not going to the party to-night? 6. Vic! Ribbons are out of place on school-girls. 7. What spool-cotton is the best to use? 8. Boys, stop that racket! 9. Lily made skips going along to school every day.

BOUQUET.—(PARTLY PHONETIC.)

1. The beloved disciple, and an instrument which has been the means of effecting wonderful results.

2. A piece of money and an adjective indicative of royalty and power.

3. One of the formations of water and a small portion of any liquid.

4. Half of a musical instrument and a verb signifying to permit.

5. A falsehood and a want.

6. An important luxury of daily consumption, and a prominent article in the dream of Pharaoh's chief butler.

7. An epithet applied to rigid Quakeresses, and a favorite flower, the emblem of beauty.

8. A youth celebrated in ancient mythology for his beauty and floral transformations.

9. A useful animal, and what one does in icy weather.

10. A ruling officer in ecclesiastical affairs.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF APRIL 1.

Charade.—Crowbar.

Diagonal Squares.—

1.	2.	3.	4.
TENET	MINIM	LEVEL	CARAC
EE EE	II II	EE EE	AA AA
N N N	N N V	V V R	R R
EE EE	II II	EE EE	AA AA
TENET	MINIM	LEVEL	CARAC

Transposition.—Tache, teach, cheat, atche, Hecta.

Half Square.—

A S T R A L
S P R A Y
T R A P
R A P
A Y
L

Charade.—Edison.

Curtail and Behead.—Ban-e, Cur-b, Boa-z, mar-l, Mars-h, daw-n, Coo-s, cove-t, H-ague, t-our, g-listen, s-tag, d-rink, f-inch, c-lump.

JOE UNDERWOOD;

OR, WORTH MORE THAN THE SPARROWS.

(By Grace Stebbing.)

CHAPTER II.

The child needed no second bidding. The good meal and unwonted luxury of a warm bath had made him very tired, and he was soon fast asleep, while his new friend sat before a table with the contents of his purse and pockets spread before him, and a most rueful expression on his face, which deepened as his eyes fell on the small shaved head lying on his pillow.

"This comes of trying to be charitable," he muttered crossly. "Why couldn't I leave the little beggar alone, as any one else would have done!" Although kinder feelings soon returned they did not lessen his perplexities. This was Tuesday night, and all that rent, personal extravagance, so-called generosity to his public-houses acquaintances, and his gifts to little Tom, had left him out of his last week's wages was a collection of pennies and half-pennies, amounting in all to a shilling and ninepence. If he spent sixpence out of that to buy a cap for Tom, as common justice seemed to demand, there would be one and threepence left to carry him over Wednesday, Christmas Day, Friday, and Saturday morning. He could borrow of his friends, no doubt, but that would bring him within their influence again, and then, he knew well enough, all his fresh resolutions to turn over a new leaf would be broken down. No. It was no use sitting up any longer to think. He would get the boy his cap in the morning, and share with him what was left, and send him off.

"Please sir, shall I go and make your bed? Missis has gone by the 'parly' to her friends in the country for Christmas," said the small servant, as Joe came down in the morning to go to work, wondering what excuse he should make for having locked his door. This piece of information made the matter very simple. "No," he replied. "Wait till I am in, and see that you don't make the place in a worse muddle than you find it." When he came back, between eight and nine, for a few minutes during the breakfast time, he was quite thankful that he could not wait to do more than wash little Tom, put the cap on his head, and the pence in his hand, hurry him, half-asleep, down the stairs, and out of doors, and bid him a hasty good-bye. "And I hope you'll have a comfortable Christmas," he added. "A comferble Christmas," repeated the child wearily, as he sank down upon a doorstep, and leant his cheek in his hand. And his attitude and tone remained with Joe Underwood throughout that day.

"What became of you last night?" asked one of his companions as the working day drew to a close. "Had a headache," said Joe Underwood, which was a true enough answer, as far as it went. "It is not much better now," he added, "so I'll be off home; good-night." And he took up his wide-a-wake, and hastened away before any one could complain of his want of sociability, "Hollo!" he exclaimed suddenly, as he stopped short in front of a doorway a few yards from his own abode. "Why," he continued more quietly, "you look as if you had been sitting here ever since I left you in the morning. What are you about, hey?"

"WHY, HE'S PERFECTLY BALD!"

"I aint doin' no harm. On'y watchin', I was, to see you once more, when you went in."

"And what have you bought with your pennies?"

"Nuffin. I was 'fraid to go away from here fear I shouldn't remember your door."

"And you've been sitting here, and had nothing to eat all day, foolish little chap."

"Oh, but I have had something to eat, and some beautiful hot tea too," said little Tom, losing his air of weary sadness in a rosy glow of pleasure. "A young lady came out of your very own door a while ago, and asked me why I had been staying here all day, and when I told her that I was looking for you, and all about how good you have been to me, she said quite low, she always knew you could be very kind. And there were tears in her eyes, and then she went away in again, and came back with some toast, and some hot tea, and this nice warm comforter. And when she took back the cup she said—"

"What did she say?" asked Joe, whose face by this time was one deep glow of color. The child rose to his feet, and looked wistfully at Joe. P'r'aps you won't like me to say?" "Nonsense, I ask you." "Well, she said—she said—she hoped you would take care of me for Christmas Day, and then she would give me some plum pudding, and p'r'aps some shoes." "Did she, then she shall have to keep her promise. Come along." And Joe ran across the road, and in at his own door with a joyous smile on his face almost as bright as that which beamed on the countenance of happy little Tom. As they mounted the stairs, the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Williams said cheerfully: "How do you do, Mr. Underwood? Won't you come in and sit down for a few minutes? Good Samaritans are not so common that we can afford to grudge them a welcome." So speaking she called in little Tom, and Joe was obliged to follow, blushing and half-blind with confusion at her praises, and the knowledge that Mary's eyes were fixed upon him. In putting up his hand awkwardly to take off his hat, he knocked off the child's cap. "Why, he's perfectly bald!" exclaimed Mrs, Williams involuntarily. "Yes," said Tom in his grave quiet way, "he did that too." And the air with which he seemed to imply that that was the greatest of all his benefactor's act, was so irresistibly comic, that the three elders broke into a hearty laugh, which quickly dispersed all shyness and reserve. The next half-hour was spent by little Tom in eating an orange and a piece of cake, and by his companions in chat, gay enough at first, but gradually growing graver and full of emotion as Mrs. Williams's gentle kindness and earnest sympathy drew from young Underwood a full confession of the downward course he had been following during the past few months, the remorse he had felt, as he thought of his mother's solitary Christmas, and the full re-awakening of conscience that had followed upon the child's terrible request for gin.

"Who knows," said Mrs. Williams earnestly, "but what you may have been indeed, as it were, entertaining an angel unawares, when you took the poor little fellow in last night? It is such deeds that our Father loves, and I hope He will give you a fuller measure of His strength in the future. Meantime," she continued more lightly, "you must let me have a little share in your good work, and since you cannot dine with your mother, I hope you and your little companion will dine with me. My married daughter has sent me up a hamper of good things, and it will be quite a comfort to have some-one to help us eat them. We know no one in London, and Mary and I were wondering how ever we should get through them all." Thus comfortably melted away one of the chief troubles that had harassed Joe the previous night, and he and his charge mounted to his room feeling equally content. Mary and Mrs. Williams went out to do a little shopping, which resulted in a present to Tom, the next day, of a pair of crimson stockings, a pair of grey knickerbockers, and a pair of boots; and with a bit of black velveteen she had by her, and some blue braid, Mary manufactured a light and tasteful little covering for his shaved head in doors. The whole four went to church in the morning together, "as *we* used to do before father went to sea, and mother died," remarked Tom, his fair face radiant with pleasure at returning to a custom of the by-gone happy days. With a child's happy forgetfulness of painful things, the past few weeks of cold, and hunger, and misery, and gin-drinking, seemed to fade away, and as he sat by Mary at the merry Christmas meal, his blue eyes sparkling, and his rosy lips rippling over with laughter at the various things she did and said for his amusement, Mrs. Williams felt that indeed he had been cared for by One who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Christmas Day was bright and clear, and after dinner Mrs. Williams sent her daughter out for a walk with grateful Joe Underwood, and Tom. And while Joe made protestations, vows, prayers and promises to blushing, hopeful Mary, little Tom, holding by his patron's hand, sauntered along in a state of dreamy happiness.

After tea Joe fell into silence, his face lost all its sunny brightness, and grew so sad in its expression as the minutes went by, that sympathetic Mary found it an almost impossible task to go on amusing Tom. Mrs. Williams pitied him from her heart, as she guessed at something of the truth, and at last she said gently, "It is better to try and find some remedy for the past, than to give way to hopeless grieving over it, Mr. Underwood." He raised his head with a start, and then exclaimed with passionate remorse, "I have been a downright brute. If I grieved from now to my dying day it would not be enough atonement for having spent to-day in a round of enjoyment when, through my wickedness, the dear old mother will have passed hers in lonely weeping." You are quite right to feel sorrow for the past," replied Mrs. Williams still kindly. "But I repeat my advice to you to cheer up, and see if you cannot think of some remedy for it, or some way of comforting your mother for her present pain.

"Although you have no money now, you will have your wages to take on Saturday, and why not send off the price of a return ticket to Mrs. Underwood, and get her to come to you for New year's Day, since your own holiday has been lost? Mary and I can easily find room for her, for two or three nights, if she will let us."

Joe looked at the good and thoughtful speaker for a few moments in the greatest amazement. Then a glad smile broke over his face, and jumping to his feet he exclaimed, "What a splendid thing it is to be a good thinker! If only she will come. But, good-night, she must; I will spend the remainder of this evening in writing such a letter that the dear old mother will not be able to refuse me."

And so he did, and on Saturday he sent it off with a post office order inside, and then obliged his master, and earned some extra shillings by completing some pressing work. The New Year's Day party that assembled in Mrs. Williams's room was even happier than that of Christmas, and there was no cloud to dim its evening. Mrs. Underwood was unspeakably thankful that her boy's affections had been won by a maiden she could so gladly welcome as a daughter, and as for little Tom, he won her heart so far that she took him back with her to the country, and kept him, with Joe's aid, until he was old enough to be apprenticed, when she brought him up to Joe's master, and made a home for him and herself with Mrs. Williams, the mother of her dearly-loved daughter-in-law. For pretty, gentle Mary had some time since felt she might trust her happiness to Joe's keeping, and the two young people had a quiet, happy home of their own within walking distance of their mother's.—*Kind Words.*

JACK WILLARD.

Jack Willard is only a dog, but I'm sure you will think he is a very wise dog, when you read what I am about to tell you.

Jack's master has taught him quite a number of tricks; and, among them, he has learned to go to market alone, and buy his own dinner. Many persons, knowing this, give Jack money; and, as he always trots off to market, it often happens that he has a large pile of bones, and eats more meat than is good for him.

JACK WILLARD.

Jack's master did not like this, and, fearing that Jack might be made sick, told the market-man not to sell him meat more than once a day, but to take his money and keep it. Jack was very much surprised at first, and no doubt thought the man very naughty and dishonest; but he soon learned that he could get meat for his money only once each day. Now, what do you think Jack did?

A gentleman who was very fond of him watched him one day, and saw him go to the stable-yard, where he dug a hole near the ice-house, and buried the money. The next day Jack had no money given to him; so he went to the ice-house, and dug up the five-cent piece which he had hidden, and bought his dinner. He has often been watched since then, and always carries his extra money to the same spot, and never forgets that he has money in his bank.

This is a true story; and the picture is made from a photograph of Jack himself. He still lives, and still goes to market once each day.

AUNT JENNIE.

MISSIONARY TOMATOES.

If all did as well for missions as Herbert did with his tomatoes, the treasury of missionary societies would be overflowing every month of the year. At the last Sunday school convention in Murphy's, Calaveras County, held in October last, a lad about fourteen years of age came to the superintendent and said, "I've got some home missionary money for you." "Who gave it to you?" "Oh, I earned it all myself!" was his reply, and his bright eyes shone with joy. "How did you earn it?" "Well, last spring my mother had more tomato plants than she wanted, and I asked her to give me some. I planted them, and when the tomatoes were ripe I sold them and got my money." "What did you get for them?" Sometimes three cents, and two cents, by and by one cent a pound. Here is one dollar and a half; I want it all to go to missions." "But, Herbert, who told you to do this?" "I told myself." "Didn't your mother ask you?" "No; but she encouraged me." "Are you perfectly willing that all this money should go to missions, and none of it for marbles, toys, candies, &c.?" "Yes, sir." "How long are you going to keep this up?" "I hope as long as I live." "One question more; do you love Jesus? Have you given your heart to Him?" With a modest and serious expression of his soul coming out in his face, he replied, "Yes, I have."

Ah, here was the secret. The boy turned aside from just so much playtime, from games and fun with the other boys, to work in the corner of the garden, carefully watching and tending the vines till they yielded the bright red fruit, then selling it from house to house, because he loved Christ his Saviour.

Herbert and his mother belong to a home missionary church which has struggled for years to maintain the Gospel. He sees and feels already the need of self-denial and work to sustain the Gospel in California, and so he has resolved to do his share as long as he lives. Will you do yours?—*Word and Work.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate much larger than he was. The boat had sailed a long way out into the pond, and the big boy said,

"Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I dare not," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I am not afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?—*Sunday School Messenger.*

"TWO CASH IS NOT ENOUGH!"

In organizing a missionary society in Kin-Kiang, one of the women, after hearing how much of the home missionary money is earned, said with tears in her eyes, "Two cash a week is not enough. I want to give five hundred cash a year! God has been very good, and taught me to repent of worshipping idols. Two cash is not enough!"

This woman was a widow, and had a bad mother-in-law, who demanded all her wages; and could scarcely keep enough money to dress herself comfortably, and was sometimes obliged to pawn a garment to meet the requirements of this heathen relative.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and there came a certain poor widow," &c.—*Word and Work.*

THREE THINGS Christ Jesus is doing for us: 1st, "He has gone to prepare a place for us." (John xiv. 2.) 2nd, "He ever lives to make intercession for us." (Heb. vii. 25) 3rd, "He appears in the presence of God for us." (Heb. ix. 24.)

The Family Circle.

"BOUGHT WITH A PRICE."

Lord Jesus!
Alas! I seem far more mine own
Than Thine, though Thou hast purchased me;
Strong in weak self, I struggle on
Reckless of what was paid by Thee,
That ransom price of flowing blood,
Outpoured to bring me to my God,
Wholly Thine own!

Lord Jesus!
I have not many days to live,
Would that those days were spent with Thee;
I have not any gifts to give,
Yet, Lord, Thou wilt accept from me
The love this thankful heart would pour
Into Thine own deep, boundless store.
This would I give!

Lord Jesus!
Take me, and make me wholly Thine
Through every moment of each day,
My walk Thy walk, my thoughts Thy thoughts,
My words Thy words, in all I say;
Oh take my spirit, body, soul,
Do thou, dear Lord, possess the whole.
Make Thy will mine!
—*Word and Work.*

THE MINISTER WHO PLAYED CROQUET.

BY A. J. GORDON, D. D.

It will sound strange to hear even the suggestion that a croquet-mallet could prove a stumbling-block in the path of a minister of the Gospel. Perhaps it rarely could; but the instance in question gives a curious illustration of a little pleasure becoming a great obstruction.

It was in a pleasant country town, much resorted to by summer visitors. The young and cultured minister, fresh from his studies, and fond of congenial association, fell naturally into a large acquaintance with those who spent the season in this beautiful resort. Their occupation was, for the most part, pleasure-seeking; and in his calls among them he naturally conformed to their ways; and so it came about, in a little while, that the most constant and most conspicuous operator on the principal lawns of the village was the new minister.

Nobody, that we are aware of, raised the question of the propriety of his engaging in this pleasant recreation; but there was the large parish, needing the utmost energy to meet its demands; the poor and the sick and the neglected to be cared for; and great hopes had been entertained in the coming of the new minister. The farmers, working from sunrise to sunset, with not a moment to spare, cast questioning looks at the pastor as, passing to and fro about their work, they saw him constantly absorbed on some elegant lawn. The poor people, with rarely a day for recreation and clean clothes, used to wish their lot were easier as they saw the preacher so neatly attired, and so free and happy in his out-of-door pleasures. One member of the church—who, after his hard day's work as a vegetable farmer, was accustomed to walk several miles to hold a prayer-meeting in an unprivileged locality, and of whom it was said that he had probably visited and prayed with every family for miles around his home—was noticed many times to cast a grieved look at the pastor, as he saw him almost every evening among the merry group of players, though no one ever heard him utter a word of censure. A pious lady of the church—whose daughter had been deeply interested while visiting in the city the previous winter and attending evangelistic services there—had invited the minister to tea, in the hope that he would take the opportunity to talk with the daughter and bring her to a decision; but she told a member of the church, with tears, how that, instead of the religious talk for which she had been so anxious, a game of croquet was proposed, after tea, which continued till dark, with not a word nor a question about the all important theme.

Thus matters went on. There was no harsh censure, no bitter carping about the new preacher, that we could learn of; but there were open eyes, and there was much thinking, and the conviction had become universal that the minister had been captured by croquet; that the innocent sport had become, with him, an actual business, absorbing his time, his interest, his enthusiasm, his energy, to such an extent that the serious duties of his calling seemed really to have become secondary to it.

The vegetable farmer, of whom we just spoke, was as remarkable for his discretion as for his zeal. He was a man of rare mental and spiritual endowments, and every one in the church conceded that his ability to say the right word at the right time was unsurpassed.

About this time the minister received from one of his parishioners the following letter:—

"REVEREND SIR:—You may be somewhat surprised to learn that I, last week, cut down the splendid elm-tree that stood near my house, and which you so much admired when you were here. It cost me a real trial to put the axe to it, but I have done it. The reason is this: I have found that the garden, on which I depend largely for raising the vegetables which I carry to market, has been growing more and more unproductive year by year. I could not account for this, since I have taken great pains to fertilize and till it; but a few months ago I was speaking of it to an old neighbor of mine, who said, 'Why, friend Davis, don't you know the reason? It's that elm-tree. A flourishing elm-tree will ruin any garden for vegetables. You'll find, if you dig down deep enough, that it has been running its roots all under your garden, pushing them farther and farther every year, till now it is prepared to suck the life and nourishment all out of the soil. I never saw a garden yet that held out long if there was an elm-tree in it. It is sure, in the end, to get the life sucked out of it.' On examining into the matter I found it even so. The soil was completely interlaced with roots. There was hardly a square foot where there was not a root sucking. And I hadn't noticed it before, because I had not dug deep enough. So, as I could spare the tree, and could not spare the garden, I concluded to cut it down.

"My dear pastor, I have learned a lesson from this, on which I have been thinking much of late. May not we, as Christians, let some innocent pleasure grow up in the Lord's vineyard, that we are set to cultivate, which, though small at first, may soon become very deep-rooted and wide-spreading—which, before we know it, will steal all the life out of our religion? And may it not be that the reason why the Lord has so little fruit in our lives, is that so much of the vitality of our affections is drawn off and turned into the wood and bark and leaves of mere pleasure? Now, I have concluded that the Lord can get along without ornamental trees in His garden, but He must have fruit; and I never realized before how much meaning there is in those words of Scripture, 'And now the axe is laid unto the roots of the trees; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.' And I have prayed God that if there is any pleasure-tree in my life that is stealing the sap and nourishment that ought to go to bringing forth the fruits of righteousness and true holiness, I will cut it down. And I have thought on the subject so much that I could not help writing and telling you my experience. Perhaps it may furnish you a suggestion for a sermon.

Yours, in the faith of the Gospel,
DAVIS GARDNER."

We have no knowledge of the immediate impression which this letter made on Rev. Mr. ——, as he read it; but in a sermon preached shortly after, he certainly alluded to it, though as indirectly as the letter had alluded to him. He preached upon amusements, and spoke, with a severity and bitterness very unusual for him, of those strait-laced saints and sour deacons who grudge the young every innocent enjoyment. He grew very earnest as he pictured "the religion of the future," as that which is destined to give scope to every natural delight, lifting up and sanctifying the drama, the opera and the out-door sport, and teaching men at last the great lesson, "how to make the best of both worlds."

Meanwhile, croquet went on with almost desperate earnestness; and Sunday after Sunday there were sermons on, "The Duty of Cheerfulness in Religion;" "The Dangers of Asceticism;" "Rejoice, O Young Man, in thy Youth," etc.; sermons so remote from any apparent need in the congregation, and at the same time proceeding so evidently from the preacher's own standpoint that one text might have served as a fitting motto for all,—"He, willing to justify himself."

The summer passed, and with it the tide of city visitors receded. The green lawns grew sere and gray as the frosts of winter came on. In the church there was great sorrow over the prevailing spiritual deadness, unrelieved, as yet, by a single token of reviving, and, it must be said, by a single pungent, heart-searching sermon from the pulpit.

At one of the Friday-evening meetings, however, a startling event happened. To the surprise and astonishment of all, the young lady of whom we just spoke arose, and, with great tenderness, said: "Dear friends, I wish to-night to declare my purpose to follow Christ as my Saviour. I have long felt this to be my duty, and I have wished so much for months that some one would only speak to me and tell me what to do; but no one has. Last night, however, as I was walking past the house of a member of this church, he left his work in his garden, and came to the fence and spoke to me. He made the way so plain, and urged my duty so kindly, that I promised I would decide for Christ, and confess Him. I do accept Him, and acknowledge Him now as my Saviour." This testimony, from one so well known, but whose interest in spiritual things up to this time had been so unknown, broke at once the formalism that had so long prevailed in the prayer-meeting. All hearts melted and flowed together. Prayer after prayer and confession after confession followed in quick succession; voices that had not been heard for months broke forth into penitent acknowledgment.

The minister sat, in the midst of it all, like one struck dumb—no, not dumb; his mouth was at last opened, and his real heart revealed for the first time in months. Such a confession as he poured out! The story which everybody knew—how a trivial, innocent recreation had so fascinated him and drawn the whole current of his life into its channel, absorbing his interest, his time, his energy, that he utterly forgot everything else; how the kindest admonition of Christian friends had failed to break the spell, and the work of the Lord had lain idle while the servant of God was at play. "And now," he added, "since I have been so beguiled and intoxicated and defrauded by this recreation, I can only think of it with disgust, and it seems as though I could never touch it again." "That was going to a useless extreme," you may say. "You need not cut down the tree that only needs trimming." But that, alas! is the penalty which we sometimes have to pay for the misuse of innocent pleasures; we are obliged to disuse them, because we foolishly misused them.

But we do not propose to discuss this question; we only wish here to say that we never heard a better or more discriminating sermon on amusements than one preached by our minister a year or more after this croquet experience, from the text, Prov. 24: 16, "Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith and vomit it."—*The Watchword.*

THE LADY'S GIFT.

A few years ago a lady was walking along a solitary road, when two men of very disreputable appearance approached her. As they drew near, she anxiously looked around for help. No human creature was in sight, the dreary moor spread out on all sides, without one habitation upon it—escape was impossible, her heart died within her, and she bitterly reproached herself for having walked in that direction alone.

At that moment, when fear was at its height, a bird suddenly arose from the ground close beside her; she looked down, and the bright blue blossoms of the "forget-me-not," which clustered along the edge of the burn at her feet, met her gaze, and recalled her thoughts to Him to whom the beauties of the wilderness belong. The flower brought a message of peace to her heart, and she walked forward with calmness.

The men soon came up, and, as she expected, asked for charity. "I have no money with me," she replied.

"But we must have something," they said, their eyes fixed upon her gold watch.

The lady at once took out her pocket Bible and handed it to them. They looked surprised, glanced at each other, and with a polite bow returned the Book, and were going away, when the lady in her turn became the beggar. "Nay, my friends," she said, "I must entreat you to take this, it is of more value than silver or gold; for, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" She put it into their hands, and hastened away.

Time passed on, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the lady's remembrance, when a fearful accident happened at a neighboring quarry. A large block of stone fell; one man was killed on the spot, and several others very much hurt. As the "quarry village" was at some distance from her residence, the lady did not go to see the sufferers, until a woman of not very respectable character one day called upon her and asked her to go and see her husband, who, she said, was very ill, and the doctor did not think "he was long for this world." She accordingly went, and with some disgust entered the filthy hovel pointed out to her. The loud angry voices, and the strong smell of whiskey which assailed her, before her eyes could recover from the blinding effects of the smoke that escaped through the door alone, almost induced her to turn. She, however, stood still for a few moments, and soon discovered a few tattered rags in the corner, on which the poor man was extended. He raised himself on his elbow as she approached, and holding out her old pocket Bible, said—"Lady, do you remember that? It has indeed been more precious to me than silver or gold; it has told me of Christ and of hope."

The lady gazed at his death-like features, she could not be mistaken, she remembered the man who in his days of strength had forgotten God, and who now, in the midst of ungodly acquaintances, seemed to be confessing Him. She was much overcome, but seeing his time on earth was drawing very near its close, she said, "Thank God, my friend, if this Book has told you of Christ, but what has it told you of yourself?"

"It has told me I am a vile sinner."

"And do you feel yourself a sinner?" she asked.

"Feel myself a sinner?" he replied. "Oh, was there ever such a one out of hell—such a drunkard, such a swearer, such a Sabbath-breaker! Oh, I am indeed the chief of sinners!"

"And in what, then, is your hope?" enquired the lady.

"My hope is in Christ," replied the dying man. "My sure stay is in Him; He has shown me my sins, but He has also shown me His own righteousness—in Him is my hope, and in Him is my salvation."

This was enough; the lady had no longer doubted, but rejoiced over her brother who had been lost, but was found again. After some further conversation, she enquired after his companion who had been with him when she gave them her Bible.

"Ah, that is the sad thing, my lady; his is the sad story, poor man."

"Was it he that was killed when the stone fell?" exclaimed the lady.

"Oh no, far worse than that. May God help him!"

He seemed unwilling to speak, but when the room was somewhat cleared of its many inmates, she said—"You see, my lady, the thing is this. We took little thought of you blessed book for awhile after you gave it, and we kept on in our wicked courses, till John, poor lad, took ill, and then he began to read, and to talk a deal of what I did not understand, and I thought his brain was turned; but I took the book myself, and soon I saw it was his heart was turned, not his head. Oh, blessed be the God and Saviour of us both!"

"Well," said the lady, "that is indeed a matter of thankfulness. I do not understand what distresses you about John."

"Ah, John, poor lad, you see, after we both began to read, the girls there (meaning John's and his own wife) and the lads began to talk, and his riverence got hold of it, and just then the stone fell at the quarry, and Tim O'Neal was killed, and many more was not much better, myself one of them; and after that his riverence came up, and said it was a judgment on us for reading in the

book without his leave. He left the house, saying that he would bring us to justice, and would tell the laird that we were poachers; and so, my lady, we were, before the Lord in His love taught us better; and, to be sure, they have taken away poor John. They could not take me, for I was badly; and when they ask him about it, he will have to say that it is all true, for you know he cannot now say one word that God may not hear."

The lady felt deeply for this trial of poor John's principles, but comforted his friend by saying that if he was indeed the child of God, all things must work together for his good, and that she would pray for him.

"Ah, prayer is the thing, my lady," said the man—"prayer is the thing for dying sinners. Oh, pray for me too, that the Lord may be with me to the end!"

The lady paid several subsequent visits to her dying friend, and on each occasion found him more and more confirmed in the faith. He lived to see "poor John" delivered from prison, and commence a quiet, sober, and industrious life. He left his precious Bible to John, and with his last breath desired him to love that book above silver or gold. "For mind," said he—"mind, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"—*Sunday Teachers' Treasury.*

BE COURTEOUS.

Sermons generally begin with a text, and so to-night I will give you a text, a little short text of two words only, which you will have no difficulty in remembering: these two words are, "Be courteous."

You all understand what it is to be courteous; it is to be polite, and to think of other's needs. It is a part of good manners to be courteous to one another, and when we see any one rude and forgetful in his behavior, we say of him that he has never learnt manners. But courtesy is even more than this; it is a part not only of good manners, but also of religion. The Bible teaches us a great deal about courtesy in deed and word. It tells us to be gentle in speech and manner, to be patient with one another, not to answer again; not to think only of our own pleasures, nor to choose out the best places for ourselves. If in all such little things as these we think not of ourselves, but of other people, then we shall be truly courteous; for courtesy is, in fact, "unselfishness in trifles."

One day, at a crowded crossing, an old man was standing hesitating, afraid to venture over. Just at that moment a young girl passed by, with her Prayer-book under her arm, on her way to church. She saw the old man's difficulty, and, coming up to him, she took him by the hand and guided him carefully across the dangerous road. Then, with a pleasant smile, she turned back and went on her way again. It was but a little thing, yet it showed the spirit of true courtesy, ever on the watch to help others.

Perhaps the time when we have most need to remember our text is when we are enjoying ourselves the most. Our minds are then so full of our own pleasure that we are in danger of being off our guard, and forgetting about other people's enjoyment. If there is a treat of any kind—a magic-lantern or fireworks, or the like—we are tempted to push ourselves forward into the places where we can see best, without a thought of the little ones, who perhaps are prevented from seeing at all.

It is impossible to say how much good may not be done by one courteous deed. Not long ago I read of a heathen soldier in India who was serving under an English captain. This captain was a very good man, who by his unfailing kindness to his men made himself so beloved by them that any one of them would have been ready to die for "the father of their regiment," as they used to call him. Our soldier, like all the rest, admired the uprightness and unselfishness of this good man's whole life, and began to wonder what was the secret of it. At last he thought that it must be his religion which made him what he was, and he said to himself, "Surely this man must have the true religion." He longed to ask him about it but did not venture to do so, and though he twice went to his house, and was both times kindly welcomed by the captain, still he could not bring himself to tell him what was in his mind. "I will make one trial more," he resolved. "I will go to him at dinner-time, when he is engaged, and then he will certainly send me off." He went accordingly, and ill-timed though his visit was, he still found his captain as kind as ever.

This patience, this courtesy, made a great impression upon the man, and he felt more encouraged to speak freely to one who had shown himself so kind a friend. Still, however, he delayed from day to day, and before he had persuaded himself to conquer his shyness, he was taken dangerously ill and carried off to the hospital. As he lay there, suffering and wretched, the door opened and in walked the captain, come on purpose to visit his sick soldier. He sat by his bedside and talked to him, and told him about our Saviour. The man hardly understood what was said to him, for his mind was full of his captain's kindness in thus remembering him and coming to visit him. As soon as he was well again he went to the captain's house and asked him that question which he had delayed so long—"What is your religion?" "I am a Christian," he replied. The soldier did not know much about Christianity, but he thought that the religion which made a man so good and brave and unselfish must be the true religion. He wished, he said, to become a Christian himself; and so, after he had been carefully trained and taught, he was baptized. To the end of his life he showed himself a true Christian, and died at last happy in the thought of his Saviour's love. Thus the courtesy and unselfishness of one man led a heathen soldier to believe, and brought him out of darkness into light.

It is a great mistake to fancy that so long as we are courteous to grown-up people and those above us, we may behave as we will to our companions and brothers and sisters. It is true that we may say and do to them many things that it would not be fitting for us to say and do to an elder person; but still we must be courteous, for as soon as we cease to be courteous we begin to be selfish. A boy who is truly courteous will not say what he knows to be vexing to another or join in teasing him, because he will see that, though it may be amusing to himself, it is causing pain to another. So, too, he will not insist —even when he has the power—upon always choosing the games that shall be played at, or on forcing his own wishes upon the others; rather he will "mind his neighbor's pleasure, just as if it were his own."

Lastly, be courteous in word as well as in deed. Whenever you are spoken to or asked a question, take the pains to give a courteous answer. It is as easy to answer politely as to answer rudely, and how differently every one feels toward any one—whether he be a child or a grown-up person—who takes the trouble to attend to what is said and to answer pleasantly, and one who answers carelessly or rudely! No one knows, until they try, how much happiness they have it in their power to give to others, just by speaking pleasantly and courteously, for that is a most true old saying which tells us that "good words are worth much, and cost little."—*F. E. Arnold-Forster, in Sunday Magazine.*

BEING A TRUSTEE.

"Mr. Smith, I called to see if you would serve as a trustee of our institution?"

"Trustee! my dear sir, I have already as much as I can do. You know much has come upon me since the death of Mr. Blank, and I was just looking about for help, not to undertake any more."

"Oh, we do not want your time or services; it need not give any trouble. Only your name and an hour at the annual meeting."

"Trustee; let me see;" and I turn to the dictionary and read thus:

"Trustee—A person to whom property is legally committed in trust, to be applied for the benefit of specified individuals, or for public uses. One who is intrusted with property for the benefit of others.

"Trust—Assured resting of the mind on the integrity, veracity, justice, friendship, or rather sound principle of another person. Confidence. Reliance."

"Now, my friend, you see that is an institution of importance. You have a large income, have you not?"

"Well, yes, we have all the money that is needed."

"And you ask me to become one of those to whom property is committed in trust for public uses, with confidence that it will be properly applied, and yet tell me that I shall have nothing to do. 'Only my name.' How am I to know that the money is properly applied?"

"Well, you know Mr. Sharpe; he is really the acting manager. I suppose you can trust him."

"Yes, and the public trusts me. Suppose Mr. Sharpe does his duty by proxy, and takes the position without the work. How are we to know?"

"Oh, if things went wrong, you would soon find out. Besides, all these things are managed by one man. The trustees seldom have much to do with them."

"Then, my friend, let them be in the name of one man, and let the public look to him."

"Oh, but the public will not believe in a thing in the name of only one man. They want names they know."

"Names! yes, and I am expected to lend my name to this man, of whom I know so little, that he may trade with it upon the faith of the people. Let me see: I am worth a few thousand dollars. Would I hand over the management of this money to Mr. Sharpe with no check of security, on the ground of my faith in him? Would you? I think not."

"But we have a treasurer."

"Yes, and he pays over moneys as expended by your trustee, for he is the only trustee, in fact, with written vouchers, to be sure; but who shall assure him that the money has been properly expended?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Smith, we will not urge you, if you object. Our list of trustees is nearly full, and we wanted two or three more. You see we have many good names, and they have consented to act, without any trouble."

"To act. To stand, rather, you should say. Wonder if they ever read the definition of trustee in the dictionary. A man to put confidence in, forsooth!"

My friend left me, and found other "names" without any difficulty, with which the public was satisfied.

Not long after, there came to my knowledge a practical exposition of this trust. A friend came to me for my help in looking into the affairs of an institution with which he was nominally connected, "For," said he, "they used my name and put me in without my knowledge, and the first notice I had of the appointment was the seeing of my name in print. It was too late to decline then, as it had gone forth in all the reports; so I mean to make the best of it and do my duty."

Such duty! One man had gone forward and shouldered the whole thing, controlled the funds, managed the business, conducted the affairs, lived out of the concern, mismanaged as he chose; and whether he was very honest and simple, or very shrewd and deep we never could quite determine. One thing was certain: It was all a muddle; funds wasted; things generally in a bad state, and now came the time for the trustees. Instead of being the officers and crew of the ship, they were the wreckers.

"Oh, if things went wrong, you would soon find it out." So said my friend Green, in his own persuasive manner. So when a ship is on a lee shore, you soon find it out; but if it had been your duty to keep it off the lee shore, what then?

I gave the assistance he required to the man who had been made trustee in spite of himself, and we worked hard and saved the ship. She was a good deal damaged, lost sails and spars, and it cost both time and money to refit; still she was not a total wreck. But it taught me a lesson, and you will never find me elected trustee, except where I accept the trust and do my share of the duty.

I see plenty of institutions, monetary and charitable, religious and secular, where trustees give their names, and nothing else. And there are cases where names are used without the consent of the owners. We are too careless. A poor widow came to me in great distress, having no one whom she could trouble for advice. She put some of her money into an enterprise where she saw the names of men she had faith in, as trustees. The whole went to the dogs, and she lost her money; and when she went to one of these men, he told her he knew nothing of the management; they used his name and gave him some stock, and he supposed it was all right; he had never done anything. And this man was called honest, as times go.

It is not long since a flagrant case came to light in one of our cities, where poor orphan children suffered neglect and abuse in a quasi asylum for the orphan. Very likely it is going on. In this case the names of individuals who were well known had been used without their consent, and even after they had positively forbidden it; and in other cases entirely without the knowledge of those who had the best right to the names.

But this is not nearly as bad as consenting to the use of one's name without the intention of assuming the duties of the position. —*N. Y. Observer.*

GREAT MISCHIEF often springs from a little neglect. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of his horse the rider was lost; and all for the want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

Question Corner.—No. 8.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the in tials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

85. By what were the wise men guided to the infant Saviour?
86. How did the shepherds of Bethlehem know that Christ was born?
87. Who asked the wise men to bring him word where the young child was, and why did they not do so?
88. What is the only incident in the boyhood of Christ mentioned in the Bible?
89. For how many days and nights did Jesus fast?
90. In what place was Christ when the people tried to cast him over the brow of a hill?
91. What miracle is connected with the call of Peter, James and John?
92. At what pool did Christ heal a man who had had an infirmity for thirty-eight years?
93. What city of Egypt was the birth-place of Paul's co-laborer, Apollos?
94. What woman did Peter raise from the dead?
95. What was the name of the mother of Timothy and of his grandmother?
96. To whom did Jesus first appear after his resurrection?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. One born a prince and heir despised his crown,
   For hunger made him dare to lay it down.
2. This city merchant heard the gospel word,
   At once her heart was stirred to obey her Lord.
3. This man at eventide did meditate,
   Before he met his bride and knew his fate.
4. He was a perfect man, and, fearing God,
   Though tried by Satan's plan, could kiss the rod.
5. Of this Jehovah said, He can speak well.
6. She stood and silent prayed her grief to tell.
   My primals, he who seemed a stern, bold sage,
   Once fled because he feared a woman's rage.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

61. They were destroyed by a plague. Num. xv. 36, 37.
62. The earth opened and swallowed them up. Num. xvi. 32.
63. Two hundred and fifty. Num. xvi. 35.
64. A plague was sent among them and fourteen thousand and seven hundred died. Num. xvi. 49.
65. They murmured because they had nothing to eat but the manna, and as a punishment they were bitten by fiery serpents. Num. xxi. 5, 6.
66. Aaron, Eleazar. Num. xx. 25, 29.
67. The passage of the Jordan. Joshua iii. 15-17.
68. Jericho. Deut. xxxiv. 3.
69. Jeroboam, 1 Kings. xiii. 4.
70. Uzziah, for offering to burn incense in the temple. 2 Chron. xxvi. 16, 21.
71. Three years and six months by the word of Elijah. Luke iv. 25. 1 Kings xvii. 1.
72. The widow's son. 1 Kings xvii. 17, 24.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 6.—James A. McNaughton 11; F. J. Grogan, 10; Frederick J. Priest, 10.

To No. 5.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Thos. F. Neeland, 12 ac; Phebe A. Gertridge, 12 ac; Milis Seymour, 12; Frederick J. Priest, 12; Fannie J. Grogan, 12; Lizzie Ross, 12; Mary E. Coates, 12; Carry S. Hatfield, 12; Jacques Rene, 11 ac; Richard W. Barnes, 11; Sarah Fowley, 11; Lizzie Little, 11; Hugh Tweed, 11; Henry A. Lunan, 9 ac; Kate A. Mills, 8; Emma D. Chase, 7; Nellie Quackenbush 5.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON IV.

APRIL 24.] [About 27 A.D.

COVETOUSNESS.

Luke 12: 13-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-15.

13. And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.

14. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

15. And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

16. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

17. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

18. And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater: and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

19. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.

20. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

21. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness. —LUKE 12: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

If we love the world, we do not love God.

INTRODUCTORY.—The previous part of the chapter, vs. 1-12, contains a warning against hypocrisy, and the succeeding section, vs. 22-34, against worldly solicitude. The lesson treats of the folly of depending upon worldly possessions for lasting comfort and happiness. The double conjecture has been made that the questioner was unjustly treated by his older brother and that he asked for more than his legal share. But the narrative simply tells us that he had mistaken the mission of Christ.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) UNSATISFYING RICHES (II). DECEITFUL RICHES. (III.) TRUE RICHES.

UNSATISFYING RICHES.—(13-15.) COMPANY, the multitude listening to Christ, v. 1; WHO MADE ME, Christ did not come into the world to settle disputes about lands; JUDGE, the Rabbis settled disputes. The questioner regarded Jesus as a mere rabbi; UNTO THEM, he addressed the parable to the crowd; COVETOUSNESS, forbidden in the Tenth Commandment.

II. DECEITFUL RICHES.—(16-20.) THOUGHT, reasoned; WHAT SHALL I DO, to preserve my wealth. He ought to have asked, "How shall I use it in the service of God?" Jesus answers the question, v. 33, "Sell that ye have and give alms." His mind was filled wholly with thoughts about the accumulation of wealth and its safe-keeping; BUILD GREATER, he enlarged his barns, but his heart became more narrow; MY GOODS.....MANY YEARS, he congratulated himself upon his large possessions and deceived himself with the notion that they would last him for a long period.

III. TRUE RICHES.—(21.) FOR HIMSELF, he was selfish, and abused God's gifts. All the riches of the world cannot profit us to save our souls; RICH TOWARD GOD, which riches are neither uncertain nor deceitful. They are faith and love. The meaning of the parable is well expressed, Prov. 13:7, "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor yet hath great riches."

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE LESSON:—(1.) Why cannot riches add years to our life? (2.) Why can we not take riches beyond the grave? Ps. 49: 17. (3.) Where is the mine of unsearchable riches? Eph. 3: 8. (4.) What does he who is rich toward God gain by death? Phil. 1: 21.

LESSON V.

MAY 1.] [About 28 A.D.

LOST AND FOUND.

Luke 15: 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 4-7.

1. Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.

2. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

3. And he spake this parable unto them saying,

4. What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

5. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

6. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

7. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

8. Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

9. And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

10. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—LUKE 15: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God seeks and saves the lost.

INTRODUCTORY.—The three parables of this chapter, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son, have all this in common, that something which was lost has been found. The two first parables depict more especially the active effort put forth in finding that which was lost. The parable of the Prodigal Son describes the course and feelings of a wayward son, and the courteous and warm love of the father who welcomes him back. The general object of the three parables is to portray the love of God for the penitent sinner. An excellent way of bringing out the thought of the parables in this lesson is by representing the Sinner as Lost, Sought, Found and Rejoiced Over.

NOTES.—PARABLE, in the New Testament a story or narrative used by our Lord to illustrate religious truths. There are thirty-one in the Gospels.—SHEPHERD, a very ancient occupation. Abel was a "keeper or feeder of sheep." Gen. 4: 2, and the wealth of the patriarchs seems to have consisted largely in their flocks and herds. The shepherd leads the flock out from the fold over the narrow ways, seeks out good pastures, cherishes the feeble lambs, and guards them against the attacks of wild beasts, as David did of old, 1 S. m. 17; 34-36. These abound in Palestine, and not infrequently do the shepherds forfeit their life in the struggle. Our Lord calls himself the "Good Shepherd," John 10: 14. For an excellent description see "The Thomson's Land and Book, Vol. I., pp. 301-305.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE SINNER'S FRIEND. (II.) THE LOST SHEEP. (III.) THE LOST COIN.

I. THE SINNER'S FRIEND.—(1, 2.) ALL, many; SINNERS, the Pharisees called those especially sinners who had been guilty of the more flagrant violations of the moral law, Luke 7: 39; TO HEAR HIM, they were attracted to Jesus, because while he condemned their sins, he treated them kindly as men whom he had come to save; PHARISEES AND SCRIBES, spurned rather than made effort to help the fallen; MURMURED, spoke in reproach. This was one of the chief charges brought against the Saviour.

II. THE LOST SHEEP.—(3-7.) WHAT MAN OF YOU, an appeal to that universal feeling which inclines us to seek what is valuable and lost; ONE OF THEM, a single one is valuable and worth effort; UNTO HIM, Christ came to the earth, and the lost souls; TILL HE FIND IT, persistent seeking; LAYETH IT ON HIS SHOULDER, does not punish it, but carries it. So Christ hath borne our griefs, Isa. 53: 4, 6, and came not into the world to condemn, but to save it, John 3: 17; LOST, sinners are in a lost and undone condition when grace finds them, Mat. 18: 11; JUST, righteous. Our Lord here refers to all such as are righteous in their own estimation and think they do not need to repent. The Pharisees might take this to themselves.

III. THE LOST COIN.—(8-10.) TEN PIECES OF SILVER, drachmæ; ONE PIECE, equal to about 15 or 16 cents. Palestine had in the days of Jesus the stamp of the emperor, perhaps. So the sinner, although lost, still bears the image of God; DILIGENTLY, an earnest, painstaking search. Mat. 2: 7; ANGELS OF GOD, it would seem from this that the angels know what takes place on earth.

LEARN THESE LESSONS:

Christ came to call sinners to repentance.

Every soul is of great value in the sight of God.

There is much joy in heaven over the penitent soul.

Christ is the Good Shepherd and giveth his life for us.

ILLUSTRATION.—Hope for the lost. "Lady Huntingdon was trying to lead the despondent brother of Whitefield to Christ. To her urgent entreaties he answered, 'Oh, it is of no use! I am lost! I am lost!' 'Thank God for that!' said she. 'Why?' exclaimed the man in astonishment. 'Because,' said Lady Huntingdon, 'Christ came to save the lost; and, if you are lost, he is just the one that can save you.'"

A SIGNIFICANT STORY.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening lately and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving," exclaimed the banker as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces; and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wound, he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work, nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met quarterly, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, &c., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small unpaid bill be found on the banker's table.—*Youth's Companion.*

STAY IN THE COUNTRY.

The *Western Rural*, published at Chicago, Ill., in giving advice to young men not to come to the city, says:

"Occasionally, and only occasionally, does the young man from the country find a desirable opening in the city, and begin a successful career. The city is full to overflowing. There is no business that is not greatly overdone, and there is no business which cannot at any time be supplied with more help than it needs. There is no position now filled which cannot be filled with as much competency as it now is, and at a much less salary than the present occupant is receiving, almost at a moment's notice. Employers are usually willing to pay what services are worth, and desire to retain tried and faithful help. Otherwise there is not a man or woman employed in Chicago to-day who would not have their salary reduced, or their place filled by some one else. Times are now prosperous. Business is at its noontide of success. Never was more money made in the marts of trade than is being made here now; and yet, while this is true, we have hundreds of young men who are either working for starvation wages or are wholly idle."

THE TURNING POINT.

Some fifty years ago, in a revival at Yale College, a young man of promising talents became deeply serious. His father, who was a man of infidel principles, hearing of it, sent for his son to come home. He did not care to have his son become a Christian. The summons was obeyed; he went home. And the result was that he soon lost his serious impressions, and remained unconverted. In due time he graduated, studied law, and commenced practice in that profession. But his life was a failure. He became a sceptic, acquired a taste for intoxicating liquors, became a drunkard, and his father and friends had to support him and his family.

It might have been different. Had he remained in college under the influence of that revival, with many of his fellow-students, he might have become a Christian, consecrated his talent to Christ, and have been useful in his service.—*American Messenger.*

JACK.

Jack is a boy who loves to please. It is hard for him to say "No," but he does say it when he cannot do right if he says "Yes."

One day Ned Jones came to him and said, "Come, Jack, let's learn to smoke."

"No," said Jack, "not I! I hate to see a man smoke, and it's worse for a boy."

"Why?" said Ned.

"Because a boy ought to have a clean mouth and a sweet breath," said Jack.

That's true, Jack, and so ought a man, but he will not if he learns to smoke while he is a boy. Yes, it is worse to see a boy smoke than a man, for it shows what the man will come to be!—*Band of Hope Review.*

FOURFOLD RESTORATION.

One day a Kaffir girl in South Africa went to a missionary and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money."

"You don't owe me anything," replied the teacher.

"I do," she answered, "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to any one in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zaccheus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."—*Word and Work.*

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